

AUDITION MONOLOGUES: Most of these monologues are from A Few Good Men but some are not. If you do not see a monologue for the character you are interested in, please select whichever you feel is most appropriate REGARDLESS of what it was taken from. .

GALLOWAY: Sir, two prisoners are being held in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. They pleaded to Murder 2, Conspiracy to Commit and Conduct Unbecoming. I petitioned JAG to deny the guilty pleas. (Pause) They confessed to murder at three in the morning at a nineteen-minute hearing without counsel. It's my sense that there's much more to this than what's written in the Division report. Which brings me to my request... It's not a request so much as a recommendation....I think the attorney assigned to the case should have a certain energy. A real go-getter. Someone who possesses not only the legal skill, but a familiarity with the inner workings of the military and a singular passion for justice. In short, Captain, if I may be so bold, I'd like to suggest myself. I've brought a letter of recommendation from Captain Bronsky. I am ready to take this case on with a vengeance, sir.

GALLOWAY: Lieutenant, would you feel very insulted if I recommended to your supervisor that he assign different counsel? I'm not sure how to say this without possibly hurting your feelings, but I don't think you're fit to handle this defense. You went to Harvard Law on a Navy scholarship and I know that you're probably just treading water for the three years you've gotta serve, just kinda laying low till you can get out and get a real job, and that's fine and I won't tell anyone. But my feeling is that if this case is handled in the same fast-food, slick-ass Persian Bazaar manner with which you seem to handle everything else, something's gonna get missed. And I wouldn't be doing my duty if I allowed Dawson and Downey to spend more hours in jail than necessary because their attorney had predetermined the path of least resistance.

HOWARD: Sir, a Code Red is a disciplinary action brought against a Marine who's fallen out of line. He might get one for being late for Platoon or Company meetings, keeping his barracks in disorder, letting his personal appearance become substandard, behaving in a manner unbecoming a Marine, falling back on a run ... I dropped my weapon during a field exercise one day. We were doing seven-man assault drills and I dropped my weapon. It's just that my palms were sweaty cause it was over a hundred degrees and my weapon just slipped. So, that night in my barracks the guys in my squad threw a blanket over me and took turns punching me in the arm for five minutes. Then they poured glue on my hands. It worked, too, 'cause I ain't never dropped my weapon since.

JESSEP: I suppose you're right. I suppose that transferring Santiago is the right thing to do. Wait. Wait. I got a better idea. Let's transfer the whole squad off the base. We better do that. Let's -on second thought-Windward. The whole Windward division, let's transfer 'em off the base. Jon, go on out there and get those boys down off the fence they're packing their bags. Tom, get the President on the phone, we're surrendering our position in Cuba. Wait a minute! Don't call the President Maybe that's the wrong thing to do. Maybe we should consider this for a second. Maybe, instead of surrendering the fight because a Marine made a mistake, maybe we should train Santiago. What do you think, I'm just spit-balling, but maybe we, as officers have a responsibility to this country to see that the men charged with it's security are trained professionals. Maybe we have that responsibility to other members of the Corps. Yes, yes, I'm certain I once read something like that. See, and now I'm trying to think about how I'd feel if

some Marine got hurt or killed because a Pfc. In my command didn't know that the fuck he was doing. I'm trying to think about how the other members of his unit might feel, putting their lives in the hands of a man they can't count on ... and this brief meditation has brought me around to thinking that your suggestion of transferring Private Santiago off the base, while expeditious, and certainly painless, might not be, in a manner of speaking, the "American Way." Santiago stays on the wall. .

JESSEP: What do you think of Kendrick? (pause) I think he's kind of a weasel myself. But he's an awfully good officer and in the end we see eye to eye on the most efficient way to run a Marine Corps unit We're in the business of saving lives, Matthew. With every degree that we allow ourselves to move off the mark of perfection as officers more people die-that's a responsibility that I take pretty seriously. 'Cause I absolutely believe that simply taking a Marine who's not yet up to the job and packing him off to another assignment is the same as sending a kid into the jungle with a weapon that backfires. (MARKINSON starts to stand.) Matthew, sit down. I'm younger than you are, Matthew, and if that's a source of tension or embarrassment for you, well, I don't give a shit. I'm in the business of saving lives, Captain Markinson. Don't ever question my orders in front of another officer.

KAFFEE: Submit for Defense Exhibit "A." This is the Tower Chief's Log for Naval Air Station, NAVBASE, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. (Opens the log book, crosses to Jessep.) Is that your signature? (Pause.) I draw the court's attention to the fact that between oh six hundred on Thursday the 7th and oh two hundred on Friday the 8th, no passenger-capable flights left the base. Colonel, a moment ago you said that Willy Santiago's death saved lives. If these Marines are such heroes, why the hell did you go through so much trouble to cover up what they'd done? (not giving Jessep an opportunity to respond) Submit for Defense Exhibit "B." It's the Tower Chief's Log for Andrews Air Force Base for the evening of July 7th. It seems that at 9:26 p.m., 21:26, an AF-40 transport landed at Andrews with 94 empty seats, having taken off at two minutes past six p.m. It's departure point? ... Colonel? ... Naval Air Station, NAVBASE Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. You know that Kendrick ordered the Code Red on Santiago. Because that's what YOU told Kendrick to do. And Kendrick follows orders. Or people die, isn't that right. Colonel?. You had Markinson sign a phony transfer order so it'd look like you tried to move Santiago, you forged the log book so it'd look like the oh two hundred was the first flight out, and you told the doctor to say it was poison so it wouldn't look like a Code Red. You trashed the law. But we understand. (parroting back the Colonel's earlier statements) You have a greater responsibility than we can possibly fathom. We live in a world that has walls, and those walls have to be guarded by men with guns, and nothing's gonna stand in your way of doing it. Not Willy Santiago, not Dawson and Downey, not the Uniform Code of Military Justice, and not the Constitution of the United States. That's the truth, isn't it Colonel? I can handle it.

KENDRICK: Corporal Dunn, you think you and the boys of Alpha Squad could show Private Santiago how to be right? (Pause) Anybody in Alpha goes near him, you'll answer to me, is that clear? (Pause). Alpha's dismissed. Corporal Thomas, how 'bout my brave men of Bravo. I bet I turn this over to your boys and Santiago's a Marine by sunrise, am I right? (pause) Bravo touches him and you'll all be filling sandbags till you beg for mercy. Dismissed. Corporal Hammaker, I have two things to say to you. The first is that I believe in my heart that you and the men of Charlie Squad are outstanding Marines. The second is that

the government of the United States maintains a military installation in the Arctic Circle, and you and the men of Charlie will find yourselves scraping icicles off of igloos in a heartbeat if you so much as look funny at the private. Is that clear? (pause) No Code Reds, is that clear? Dismissed. God is watching, Lance Corporal Dawson. And he helps those who help themselves. And so do I. Get your house in order, so that these men can believe in you again. Get your house in order ... so that the Lord our God can look down and say "There is a United States Marine and I will stand at his side." Get your house in order ... and don't let anybody ever tell you we're not at war. (Pause.) Would you like me to tell you what to do now?

MARKINSON: (Quietly and with difficulty.) They're giving you a lawyer. They're gonna move you up to Washington, D.C. and give you a lawyer who's gonna ask you some questions. I want you to remember something about these lawyers. They don't care about anything. They don't care about honor. Or loyalty. They don't care about the United States Marine Corps. They don't even care about you. They're clowns. That's why, so help me God, they're the only ones who can save you right now. I want you boys to be smart. Talk to the lawyer.

MARKINSON: Dear Mr. and Mrs. Santiago. I was William's Company Commander. I knew your son vaguely, which is to say I knew his name. In a matter of time, the trial of the two men charged with your son's death will be concluded, and seven men and two women whom you've never met will try and offer you an explanation as to why William is dead. Most likely, they will offer many explanations. For my part, I've done what I can to bring the truth to light. I've done it, not in the uniform in which I served for twenty-one years, but in costumes and in shadows. I was a defender. And at this moment I'm being pursued by the Naval Investigative Service, the Federal Bureau of Investigations, the Central Intelligence Agency and the Military Police. And I can't possibly do this anymore. Because the truth is this: Your son is dead for only one reason. I wasn't strong enough to stop it. Always, Captain Matthew Andrew Markinson, United States Marine Corps.

ROSS: RSC is an effective unit. And Lt. Colonel Jessep's star is on the rise. They'll let me bend over backwards to spare that base, and the Corps, any embarrassment. (Pause.) So this is it: aggravated assault, seven years. All things considered, it's not a bad week's work for the defense. I admit, I can't afford to go to court. Lucky for you, huh.. Danny? You're turning green at the thought of it. No, taking this to court would be bad for me. It'd be bad for the Marine Corps and I'd be held responsible. But you go to court, and the boys go away for thirty years. Are we clear on that?! We have to be clear on that. Once we go outside this room, I have to go all the way, they'll be charged with murder. And in a courtroom you lose this case. Please. I'm the Judge Advocate and I'm telling you I don't think your guys belong in jail. (Pause.) But I don't get to make that decision. I represent the People. Without passion. You see? And the People have a case. (To Kaffee.) If you could get me written statements from the defendants, they'd do six months. Without the statements, it's seven years. Believe a thing this woman tells you, and they won't see the light of day 'till they're fifty-nine. That's the end of this negotiation. From this moment we're on the record. Tomorrow morning, 9:45. I'll see you at the arraignment. (He exits.)

SANTIAGO: My name is Pfc. William T. Santiago. I am a Marine stationed at Marine Barracks, Windward, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. I am writing to inform you of my problems and to ask for your help. Wednesday, May 18th, we were out on a PT run. I've fallen out on runs before for lots of reasons, like feeling dizzy or nauseous, and on the 18th, we were running and I'd fallen back about 20 or 30 feet going down a rocky hill. My sergeant grabbed me and pushed me down the hill. Then I saw all black and the last thing I remember is hitting the deck. I was brought to the hospital where I was told I just had heat exhaustion and the doctor said that my body had trouble with the hot sun and I hyperventilate. I got put in remedial physical training and punished by filling sandbags every day after I stand my post on the fenceline. I ask you to help me. Please, Sir, I Just need to be transferred out of

RSC. SEFTON (from Stalag 17): What're you guys trying to prove anyway? Cutting trap doors! Digging tunnels! You know what the chances are to get out of here? And let's say you do get all the way to Switzerland! Or say to the States? So what? They ship you to the Pacific and slap you in another plane. And you get shot down again and you wind up in a Japanese prison camp. That's if you're lucky! Well, I'm no escape artist! You can be the heroes, the boys with the fruit salad on your chest. Me -- I'm staying put. And I'm going to make myself as comfortable as I can. And if it takes a little trading with the enemy to get me some food or a better mattress or a woman -- that's okay by Sefton!

VON SCHERBACH (from Stalag 17): (to the P.O.W.s) I understand we are minus two men this morning. I am surprised at you, gentlemen. Here I am trying to be your friend and you do these embarrassing things to me. Don't you know this could get me into hot water with the High Command? They do not like men escaping from Stalag 17 - especially, not enemy airmen from Compound D. We plucked you out of the skies and now we must see to it you do not fly away because you would come back and blast our cities again. The High Command would be very angry with me. They would strip me of my rank. They would court-martial me, after all these years of a perfect record! Now you wouldn't want that to happen to me, would you? Fortunately, those two men did not get very far. They had the good sense to rejoin us again, so my record would stand unblemished. Nobody has ever escaped from Stalag 17. Not alive, anyway.

COOKIE (from Stalag 17): Where did we hide Dunbar? Nobody knew that except Huffy -- not one of us -- and he wouldn't talk. It sure drove the Krauts crazy looking for Dunbar. They herded us all out into the compound and put some extra machine guns on us and gave us the whole check. You know, checking our dogtags against their index file. They searched under the barracks. They searched the roofs. They even searched the bathroom in the Kommandant's office, but no Dunbar. Then they tried to smoke him out, throwing tear gas bombs into every barracks, just in case he was hiding up in the rafters. Then they made us stand for six hours out there until finally von Scherbach came out and gave us his ultimatum: if Dunbar didn't come out by next morning he'd raze the whole lousy compound, stick by stick and if we'd sleep in the mud for the rest of our lives, that was okay by him. I thought he'd bust his gut the way he

was screaming. He just couldn't figure how a guy could disappear from the compound and still be there, but Dunbar was there all right.

JACKSON (from Saving Private Ryan): Seems to me, Cap'n, this mission is a serious misallocation of valuable military resources. By my way of thinkin' I am a finely made instrument of warfare. What I mean by that is, if you was to put me with this here sniper rifle anywhere up to and includin' one mile from Adolf Hitler, with a clear line of sight, war's over. You see Sir, it seems to me that the entire resources of the United States Army oughta be dedicated to one thing and one thing only, and that is to put me and this here weapon on a rooftop, smack-dab in the middle of Berlin, Germany. Now I ain't one to question decisions made up on high, sir, but it seems to me that saving one private, no matter how grievous the losses of his family, is a waste of my God-given talent.

CHRIS (from Platoon): Somebody once wrote Hell is the impossibility of Reason. That's what this place feels like. I hate it already and it's only been a week. Some goddamn week, grandma ... (checking his raw blisters) ... the hardest thing I think I've ever done is to go on point, 3 times this week - I don't even know what I'm doing. A gook could be standing 3 feet in front of me and I wouldn't know it, I'm so tired. We get up at 5 a.m., hump all day, camp around 4 or 5 p.m., dig foxhole, eat, then put out an all-night ambush or a 3-man listening post in the jungle. It's scary cause nobody tells me how to do anything cause I'm new and nobody cares about the new guys, they don't even want to know your name. The unwritten rule is a new guy's life isn't worth as much cause he hasn't put his time in yet - and they say if you're gonna get killed in the Nam it's better to get it in the first few weeks, the logic being: you don't suffer that much. I can believe that... If you're lucky you get to stay in the perimeter at night and then you pull a 3-hour guard shift, so maybe you sleep 3-4 hours a night, but you don't really sleep ... I don't think I can keep this up for a year, grandma - I think I've made a big mistake coming here ...